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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Tales of the Alhambra.* By Geoffrey Crayon. Third Series of the Sketch-Book. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

WHAT Columbus was to the American continent, Washington Irving has been to American literature,—the first who discovered its shores of beauty and fertility, the first to enter thereon and take possession. Others have followed in his steps, and have discovered their gold and silver mines; but still, it was Washington Irving who broke the egg and who found the land. England owes him a deep debt of gratitude, and so does America; something, too, beyond the ordinary claim of authorship. He was the first to awaken that kindly feeling, which surely seems the only natural one to subsist between people speaking one common language, and sprung from one common stock. It is now some twelve or fourteen years since his writings were first brought before the British public, and in this very paper. The *Literary Gazette* was the earliest to see and to do justice to the sketches of Geoffrey Crayon, some half-dozen of which were made known to England in our columns. Their after-popularity well justified our choice. It is the individual who makes the many; and to do justice, we must remember what he found Transatlantic literature, and compare that with its present position. Ten years ago, we should have asked, "Can any good thing come out of Galilee?" Now we look to American literature, and feel that it only wants time to take its stand by our own. One circumstance, too, we cannot but especially mention,—the liberal and enlightened tone Washington Irving has always taken in speaking of the two countries. Never have his pages been defaced by misrepresentations, cultivating a miserable jealousy, and still more miserable vanity; but he has ever written in that honourable spirit of appreciation and equality, which is the only one befitting two great nations. What have we to do with the quarrels of our grandmothers or grandfathers? The young eagle grew too great for the parent nest; but is that any reason why they should keep quarrelling on in the air to all eternity? No; it is the part of both to cultivate a good understanding, to do each other justice, and own the great claims they have on each other's forbearance and admiration. Look at the enterprise, the talent, the industry, England has shown in literature, in philosophy, and in commerce—no one can deny the glory of her past. Look at the enterprise, the talent, and the industry, now displaying in America—no one can deny the glory of her present. A mutual and generous appreciation is the golden bridge over which the opinions of the two nations ought to pass; and it is this spirit that Washington Irving has ever and most powerfully cultivated. There never was a writer whose popularity was more matter of feeling, or more intimate than the one whose pages are now before us; perhaps because he appealed at once to our simplest and kindest emotions.

His affections were those of "hearth and home;" the pictures he delighted to draw were those of natural loveliness, linked with human sympathies; and—a too unusual thing with the writers of our time—he looked upon God's works, and "saw that they were good." The pathos of his serious is as irresistible as the comic of his lighter ones. If the definition be true, that the distinction between wit and humour is, that humour is closely allied to pathos, humour is the characteristic of our author; and if to this we add, that wit smacks of bitterness, which humour does not, we shall still more clearly describe the style of the author of the *Sketch-Book*. With him, the wine of life is not always on the lees. An exquisite vein of poetry runs through every page,—and of poetry, his epithets who does not remember—"the shark, glancing like a spectre through the blue seas?" But our task is not one of retrospective criticism, and we must turn to the pages before us.

Mr. Irving has fairly trusted himself "to the golden shores of old romance," and yielded to all their influences. He has carried us into a world of marble fountains, moonlight, arabesques, and perfumes. We do not know whether reform and retrenchment have left any imagination in the world; but this we know, that if there be any fantasies "yet slumbering deep within the soul," the *Tales of the Alhambra* must awaken them. Without further preamble, we place before our readers the following playfully told legend. In spite, however, of the judicious recommendation of the giant, "*Bebir, mon ami, commence au commencement*," we must begin in the middle; only promising, that the three beautiful princesses have been brought up in most salutary seclusion, and with a most discreet duenna, who, nevertheless, begins to think that fifteen is an age which has its perils.

"Mohamed the Left-handed was seated one morning on a divan in one of the cool halls of the Alhambra, when a slave arrived from the fortress of Salobrina, with a message from the sage Cadiga, congratulating him on the anniversary of his daughters' birth-day. The slave at the same time presented a delicate little basket decorated with flowers, within which, on a couch of vine and fig-leaves, lay a peach, an apricot, and a nectarine, with their bloom and down and dewy sweetness upon them, and all in the early stage of tempting ripeness. The monarch was versed in the Oriental language of fruits and flowers, and readily divined the meaning of this emblematical offering. 'So,' said he, 'the critical period pointed out by the astrologers is arrived: my daughters are at a marriageable age. What is to be done? They are shut up from the eyes of men; they are under the eyes of the discreet Cadiga—all very good,—but still they are not under my own eye, as was prescribed by the astrologers: I must gather them under my wing, and trust to no other guardianship.' So saying, he ordered that a tower of the Alhambra should be prepared for their reception, and departed at the

head of his guards for the fortress of Salobrina, to conduct them home in person. About three years had elapsed since Mohamed had beheld his daughters; and he could scarcely credit his eyes at the wonderful change which that small space of time had made in their appearance. During the interval they had passed that wondrous boundary line in female life which separates the crude, uninformed, and thoughtless girl from the blooming, blushing, meditative woman. It is like passing from the flat, bleak, uninteresting plains of La Mancha to the voluptuous valleys and swelling hills of Andalusia. Zayda was tall and finely-formed, with a lofty demeanour and a penetrating eye. She entered with a stately and decided step, and made a profound reverence to Mohamed, treating him more as her sovereign than her father. Zorayda was of the middle height, with an alluring look and swimming gait, and a sparkling beauty, heightened by the assistance of the toilette. She approached her father with a smile, kissed his hand, and saluted him with several stanzas from a popular Arabian poem, with which the monarch was delighted. Zorahayda was shy and timid, smaller than her sisters, and with a beauty of that tender beseeching kind, which looks for fondness and protection. She was little fitted to command, like her elder sister, or to dazzle like the second; but was rather formed to creep to the bosom of manly affection, to nestle within it, and be content. She drew near her father with a timid and almost faltering step, and would have taken his hand to kiss, but on looking up into his face, and seeing it beaming with a paternal smile, the tenderness of her nature broke forth, and she threw herself upon his neck. Mohamed the Left-handed surveyed his blooming daughters with mingled pride and perplexity; for while he exulted in their charms, he bethought himself of the prediction of the astrologers. 'Three daughters! three daughters!' muttered he repeatedly to himself, 'and all of a marriageable age! Here's tempting Hesperian fruit, that requires a dragon watch!' He prepared for his return to Granada, by sending heralds before him, commanding every one to keep out of the road by which he was to pass, and that all doors and windows should be closed at the approach of the princesses. This done, he set forth, escorted by a troop of black horsemen, of hideous aspect, and clad in shining armour. The princesses rode beside the king, closely veiled, on beautiful white palfreys, with velvet caparisons, embroidered with gold, and sweeping the ground: the bits and stirrups were of gold, and the silken bridles adorned with pearls and precious stones. The palfreys were covered with little silver bells, that made the most musical tinkling as they ambled gently along. Woe to the unlucky wight, however, who lingered in the way when he heard the tinkling of these bells—the guards were ordered to cut him down without mercy. The cavalcade was drawing near to Granada, when it overtook, on the banks of the river Xenil, a small body

of Moorish soldiers with a convoy of prisoners. It was too late for the soldiers to get out of the way, so they threw themselves on their faces on the earth, ordering their captives to do the like. Among the prisoners were the three identical cavaliers whom the princesses had seen from the pavilion. They either did not understand, or were too haughty to obey the order, and remained standing and gazing upon the cavalcade as it approached. The ire of the monarch was kindled at this flagrant defiance of his orders. Drawing his cimeter, and pressing forward, he was about to deal a left-handed blow, that would have been fatal to, at least, one of the gazers, when the princesses crowded round him, and implored mercy for the prisoners; even the timid Zorahayda forgot her shyness, and became eloquent in their behalf. Mohamed paused, with uplifted cimeter, when the captain of the guard threw himself at his feet. "Let not your majesty," said he, "do a deed that may cause great scandal throughout the kingdom. These are three brave and noble Spanish knights, who have been taken in battle, fighting like lions; they are of high birth, and may bring great ransoms." "Enough!" said the king, "I will spare their lives, but punish their audacity—let them be taken to the Vermilion Towers and put to hard labour." Mohamed was making one of his usual left-handed blunders. In the tumult and agitation of this blustering scene, the veils of the three princesses had been thrown back, and the radiance of their beauty revealed; and in prolonging the parley, the king had given that beauty time to have its full effect. In those days people fell in love much more suddenly than at present, as all ancient stories make manifest: it is not a matter of wonder, therefore, that the hearts of the three cavaliers were completely captured; especially as gratitude was added to their admiration; it is a little singular, however, though no less certain, that each of them was enraptured with a several beauty. As to the princesses, they were more than ever struck with the noble demeanour of the captives, and cherished in their breasts all that they had heard of their valour and noble lineage. The cavalcade resumed its march: the three princesses rode pensively along on their tinkling palfreys, now and then stealing a glance behind in search of the Christian captives, and the latter were conducted to their allotted prison in the Vermilion Towers. The residence provided for the princesses was one of the most dainty that fancy could devise. It was in a tower somewhat apart from the main palace of the Alhambra, though connected with it by the main wall that encircled the whole summit of the hill. On one side it looked into the interior of the fortress, and had, at its foot, a small garden filled with the rarest flowers. On the other side it overlooked a deep embowered ravine that separated the grounds of the Alhambra from those of the Generalife. The interior of the tower was divided into small fairy apartments, beautifully ornamented in the light Arabian style, surrounding a lofty hall, the vaulted roof of which rose almost to the summit of the tower. The walls and ceiling of the hall were adorned with arabesque and fret-work, sparkling with gold and with brilliant pencilling. In the centre of the marble pavement was an alabaster fountain, set round with aromatic shrubs and flowers, and throwing up a jet of water that cooled the whole edifice, and had a lulling sound. Round the hall were suspended cages of gold and silver wire, containing singing birds of the finest plumage or sweetest note. The princesses had been repre-

sented as always cheerful when in the castle of Salobrina; the king had expected to see them enraptured with the Alhambra. To his surprise, however, they began to pine, and grow melancholy, and dissatisfied with every thing around them. The flowers yielded them no fragrance, the song of the nightingale disturbed their night's rest, and they were out of all patience with the alabaster fountain with its eternal drop-drop and splash-splash, from morning till night, and from night till morning. The king, who was somewhat of a testy, tyrannical disposition, took this at first in high dudgeon; but he reflected that his daughters had arrived at an age when the female mind expands and its desires augment; "they are no longer children," said he to himself, "they are women grown, and require suitable objects to interest them." He put in requisition, therefore, all the dress-makers, and the jewellers, and the artificers in gold and silver throughout the zacatin of Granada, and the princesses were overwhelmed with robes of silk, and of tissue, and of brocade, and cachemere shawls, and necklaces of pearls and diamonds, and rings, and bracelets, and anklets, and all manner of precious things. All, however, was of no avail; the princesses continued pale and languid in the midst of their finery, and looked like three blighted rose-buds drooping from one stalk. The king was at his wit's end. He had in general a laudable confidence in his own judgment, and never took advice. The whims and caprices of three marriageable damsels, however, are sufficient, said he, to puzzle the shrewdest head. So, for once in his life, he called in the aid of counsel. The person to whom he applied was the experienced duenna. "Cadiga," said the king, "I know you to be one of the most discreet women in the whole world, as well as one of the most trustworthy; for these reasons I have always continued you about the persons of my daughters. Fathers cannot be too wary in whom they repose such confidence; I now wish you to find out the secret malady that is praying upon the princesses, and to devise some means of restoring them to health and cheerfulness." Cadiga promised implicit obedience. In fact she knew more of the malady of the princesses than they did themselves. Shutting herself up with them, however, she endeavoured to insinuate herself into their confidence. "My dear children, what is the reason you are so dismal and downcast, in so beautiful a place, where you have every thing that heart can wish?" The princesses looked vacantly round the apartment and sighed. "What more, then, would you have? Shall I get you the wonderful parrot that talks all languages and is the delight of Granada?" "Odious!" exclaimed the Princess Zayda. "A horrid, screaming bird, that chatters words without ideas: one must be without brains to tolerate such a pest." "Shall I send for a monkey from the rock of Gibraltar, to divert you with his antics?" "A monkey! laugh!" cried Zorahayda; "the detestable mimic of man. I hate the nauseous animal." "What say you to the famous black singer Casem, from the royal harem, in Morocco. They say he has a voice as fine as a woman's." "I am terrified at the sight of these black slaves," said the delicate Zorahayda; "beside, I have lost all relish for music." "Ah! my child, you would not say so," replied the old woman, slyly, "had you heard the music I heard last evening, from the three Spanish cavaliers whom we met on our journey. But, bless me, children? what is the matter that you blush so, and are in such a flutter?" "Nothing, nothing, good mother; pray proceed." "Well; as I was passing by the Vermilion Towers last evening, I saw the three cavaliers resting after their day's labour. One was playing on the guitar, so gracefully, and the others sung by turns; and they did it in such style, that the very guards seemed like statues, or men enchanted. Allah, forgive me! I could not help being moved at hearing the songs of my native country. And then to see three such noble and handsome youths in chains and slavery! Here the kind-hearted old woman could not restrain her tears. "Perhaps, mother, you could manage to procure us a sight of these cavaliers," said Zayda. "I think," said Zorahayda, "a little music would be quite reviving." The timid Zorahayda said nothing, but threw her arms round the neck of Cadiga. "Mercy on me!" exclaimed the discreet old woman; "what are you talking of, my children? Your father would be the death of us all if he heard of such a thing. To be sure, these cavaliers are evidently well-bred, and high-minded youths; but what of that? they are the enemies of our faith, and you must not even think of them but with abhorrence." There is an admirable intrepidity in the female will, particularly when about the marriageable age, which is not to be deterred by dangers and prohibitions. The princesses hung round their old duenna, and coaxed, and entreated, and declared that a refusal would break their hearts. What could she do? She was certainly the most discreet old woman in the whole world, and one of the most faithful servants to the king; but was she to see three beautiful princesses break their hearts for the mere tinkling of a guitar? Beside, though she had been so long among the Moors, and changed her faith, in imitation of her mistress, like a trusty follower, yet she was a Spaniard born, and had the lingerings of Christianity in her heart. So she set about to contrive how the wish of the princesses might be gratified. The Christian captives, confined in the Vermilion Towers, were under the charge of a big-whiskered, broad-shouldered renegade, called Hussein Baba, who was reputed to have a most itching palm. She went to him privately, and slipping a broad piece of gold into his hand, "Hussein Baba," said she; "my mistresses, the three princesses, who are shut up in the tower, and in sad want of amusement, have heard of the musical talents of the three Spanish cavaliers, and are desirous of having a specimen of their skill. I am sure you are too kind hearted to refuse them so innocent a gratification." "What! and to have my head set grinning over the gate of my own tower! for that would be the reward, if the king should discover it." "No danger of any thing of the kind; the affair may be managed so that the whim of the princesses may be gratified, and their father be never the wiser. You know the deep ravine outside of the walls that passes immediately below the tower. Put the three Christians to work there, and at the intervals of their labour let them play and sing, as if for their own recreation. In this way the princesses will be able to hear them from the windows of the tower; and you may be sure of their paying well for your compliance." As the good old woman concluded her harangue, she kindly pressed the rough hand of the renegade, and left within it another piece of gold. Her eloquence was irresistible. The very next day the three cavaliers were put to work in the ravine. During the noontide heat, when their fellow-labourers were sleeping in the shade, and the guard nodding drowsily at his post, they seated themselves among the herbage at the foot of the tower, and sang a Spanish roundelay to

the so deep, distant. The they their ness of contras us! c address of such and h bastin ing a prince With woma appear benefi roy l and st furthe disty of the p length sweet, bled a was, but sh nightli lers w consid more i as his was k which other, By dep and h being verec flower flowe ties of and st gularly with on the lo secret left-ha than o owing there, corre ceased The th the to their vain th cage: lovers. The di tellige trouble saw w have lutes are no down their prince fair: Z upon partin cried, her te hayda silence the fl



the accompaniment of the guitar. The glen was deep, the tower was high, but their voices rose distinctly in the stillness of the summer noon. The princesses listened from their balcony—they had been taught the Spanish language by their duenna—and were moved by the tenderness of the song. The discreet Cadiga, on the contrary, was terribly shocked. 'Allah, preserve us!' cried she, 'they are singing a love-ditty, addressed to yourselves. Did ever mortal hear of such audacity? I will run to the slave-master, and have them soundly bastinadoed.' 'What! bastinado such gallant cavaliers, and for singing so charmingly!' The three beautiful princesses were filled with horror at the idea. With all her virtuous indignation, the good old woman was of a placable nature, and easily appeased. Beside, the music seemed to have a beneficial effect upon her young mistresses. A rosy bloom had already come to their cheeks, and their eyes began to sparkle. She made no further objection, therefore, to the amorous ditty of the cavaliers. When it was finished, the princesses remained silent for a time; at length Zorayda took up a lute, and with a sweet, though faint and trembling voice, warbled a little Arabian air, the burden of which was, 'The rose is concealed among her leaves, but she listens with delight to the song of the nightingale.' From this time forward the cavaliers worked almost daily in the ravine. The considerate Hussein Baba became more and more indulgent, and daily more prone to sleep at his post. For some time a vague intercourse was kept up by popular songs and romances, which, in some measure, responded to each other, and breathed the feelings of the parties. By degrees, the princesses shewed themselves at the balcony, when they could do so without being perceived by the guards. They conversed with the cavaliers also by means of flowers, with the symbolical language of which they were mutually acquainted. The difficulties of their intercourse added to its charms, and strengthened the passion they had so singularly conceived: for love delights to struggle with difficulties, and thrives the most hardily on the scantiest soil. The change effected in the looks and spirits of the princesses by this secret intercourse surprised and gratified the left-handed king; but no one was more elated than the discreet Cadiga, who considered it all owing to her able management. At length there was an interruption in this telegraphic correspondence—for several days the cavaliers ceased to make their appearance in the glen. The three beautiful princesses looked out from the tower in vain. In vain they stretched their swan-like necks from the balcony; in vain they sang like captive nightingales in their cage: nothing was to be seen of their Christian lovers—not a note responded from the groves. The discreet Cadiga sallied forth in quest of intelligence, and soon returned with a face full of trouble. 'Ah, my children!' cried she, 'I saw what all this would come to; but you would have your way; you may now hang up your lutes on the willows. The Spanish cavaliers are now ransomed by their families; they are down in Granada, and preparing to return to their native country.' The three beautiful princesses were in despair at the tidings. The fair Zayda was indignant at the slight put upon them, in thus being deserted without a parting word. Zorayda wrung her hands and cried, and looked in the glass, and wiped away her tears, and cried afresh. The gentle Zorahayda leaned over the balcony and wept in silence; and her tears fell drop by drop among the flowers of the bank where the faithless

cavaliers had so often been seated. The discreet Cadiga did all in her power to soothe their sorrow. 'Take comfort, my children,' said she; 'this is nothing when you are used to it. This is the way of the world. Ah! when you are as old as I am, you will know how to value these men. I'll warrant, these cavaliers have their loves among the Spanish beauties of Cordova and Seville, and will soon be serenading under their balconies, and thinking no more of the Moorish beauties in the Alhambra. Take comfort, therefore, my children, and drive them from your hearts.' The comforting words of the discreet Cadiga only redoubled the distress of the three princesses, and for two days they continued inconsolable. On the morning of the third, the good old woman entered their apartment all ruffling with indignation. 'Who would have believed such insolence in mortal man!' exclaimed she, as soon as she could find words to express herself; 'but I am rightly served for having connived at this deception of your worthy father. Never talk more to me of your Spanish cavaliers.' 'Why, what has happened, good Cadiga?' exclaimed the princesses in breathless anxiety. 'What has happened? Treason has happened; or what is almost as bad, treason has been proposed, and to me, the faithfulest of subjects, the trustiest of duennas! Yes, my children, the Spanish cavaliers have dared to tamper with me, that I should persuade you to fly with them to Cordova, and become their wives!' Here the excellent old woman covered her face with her hands, and gave way to a violent burst of grief and indignation. The three beautiful princesses turned pale and red, pale and red, and trembled, and looked down, and cast shy looks at each other, but said nothing. Meantime the old woman sat rocking backward and forward in violent agitation, and now and then breaking out into exclamations—'That ever I should live to be so insulted!—I, the faithfulest of servants!' At length the oldest princess, who had most spirit, and always took the lead, approached her, and laying her hand upon her shoulder, 'Well, mother,' said she, 'supposing we were willing to fly with these Christian cavaliers, is such a thing possible?' The good old woman paused suddenly in her grief, and looking up, 'Possible!' echoed she; 'to be sure it is possible. Have not the cavaliers already bribed Hussein Baba, the renegade captain of the guard, and arranged the whole plan? But, then, to think of deceiving your father—your father, who has placed such confidence in me!' Here the worthy woman gave way to a fresh burst of grief, and began again to rock backward and forward, and to wring her hands. 'But our father has never placed any confidence in us,' said the eldest princess; 'but has trusted to bolts and bars, and treated us as captives.' 'Why, that is true enough,' replied the old woman, again pausing in her grief; 'he has indeed treated you most unreasonably; keeping you shut up here, to waste your bloom in a moping old tower, like roses left to wither in a flower-jar. But, then, to fly from your native land?' 'And is not the land we fly to the native land of our mother, where we shall live in freedom? And shall we not each have a youthful husband, in exchange for a severe old father?' 'Why, that again is all very true; and your father, I must confess, is rather tyrannical. But what, then, relapsing into her grief, 'would you leave me behind to bear the brunt of his vengeance?' 'By no means, my good Cadiga; cannot you fly with us?' 'Very true, my child; and, to tell the truth, when I talked the matter over with

Hussein Baba, he promised to take care of me, if I would accompany you in your flight.'

The appointed night arrived. The tower of the princesses had been locked up as usual, and the Alhambra was buried in deep sleep. Towards midnight, the discreet Cadiga listened from a balcony of a window that looked into the garden: Hussein Baba, the renegade, was already below, and gave the appointed signal. The duenna fastened the end of a ladder of ropes to the balcony, lowered it into the garden, and descended. The two eldest princesses followed her with beating hearts; but when it came to the turn of the youngest princess, Zorahayda, she hesitated and trembled. Several times she ventured a delicate little foot upon the ladder, and as often drew it back, while her poor little heart fluttered more and more the longer she delayed. She cast a wistful look back into the silken chamber—she had lived in it, to be sure, like a bird in a cage; but within it she was secure. Who could tell what dangers might beset her, should she flutter forth into the wide world? Now she bethought her of her gallant Christian lover, and her little foot was instantly upon the ladder; and anon she thought of her father, and shrunk back. But fruitless is the attempt to describe the conflict in the bosom of one so young and tender, and loving, but so timid, and so ignorant of the world. In vain her sisters implored, the duenna scolded, and the renegade blasphemed beneath the balcony; the gentle little Moorish maid stood doubting and wavering on the verge of elopement—tempted by the sweetness of its sin, but terrified at its perils. Every moment increased the danger of discovery. A distant tramp was heard. 'The patrols are walking the rounds,' cried the renegade. 'If we linger, we perish. Princess, descend instantly, or we leave you.' Zorahayda was for a moment in fearful agitation; then loosening the ladder of ropes, with desperate resolution, she flung it from the balcony. 'It is decided!' cried she; 'flight is now out of my power!' Allah guide and bless ye, my dear sisters! The two eldest princesses were shocked at the thoughts of leaving her behind, and would fain have lingered, but the patrol was advancing, the renegade was furious, and they were hurried away to the subterraneous passage.

The flight is finely described; but we can only give its conclusion. 'In our hurry to make good the escape of the princesses across the river, and up the mountains, we forgot to mention the fate of the discreet Cadiga. She had clung like a cat to Hussein Baba in the scamp across the Vega, screaming at every bound, and drawing many an oath from the whiskered renegade; but when he prepared to plunge his steed into the river, her terror knew no bounds. 'Grasp me not so tightly,' cried Hussein Baba; 'hold on by my belt, and fear nothing.' She held firmly with both hands by the leathern belt that girded the broad-backed renegade; but when he halted with the cavaliers to take breath on the mountain summit, the duenna was no longer to be seen. 'What has become of Cadiga?' cried the princesses in alarm. 'Allah alone knows!' replied the renegade; 'my belt came loose when in the midst of the river, and Cadiga was swept with it down the stream. The will of Allah be done! but it was an embroidered belt, and of great price.' There was no time to waste in idle regrets; yet bitterly did the princesses bewail the loss of their discreet counsellor. That excellent old woman, however, did not lose more than half of her nine lives in the stream. A fisherman,

who was drawing his nets some distance down the stream, brought her to land, and was not a little astonished at his miraculous draught. What further became of the discreet Cadiga, the legend does not mention; certain it is that she evinced her discretion in never venturing within the reach of Mohamed the Left-handed. Almost as little is known of the conduct of this sagacious monarch when he discovered the escape of his daughters, and the deceit practised upon him by the most faithful of servants. It was the only instance in which he had called in the aid of counsel, and he was never afterwards known to be guilty of a similar weakness. He took good care, however, to guard his remaining daughter, who had no disposition to elope: it is thought, indeed, that she secretly repented having remained behind. Now and then she was seen leaning on the battlements of the tower, and looking mournfully towards the mountains in the direction of Cordoba; and sometimes the notes of her lute were heard accompanying plaintive ditties, in which she was said to lament the loss of her sisters and her lover, and to bewail her solitary life. She died young, and, according to popular rumour, was buried in a vault beneath the tower; and her untimely fate has given rise to more than one traditional fable.

We have no space this week to enter into the beautiful descriptions of the scenery and the peasantry which in these pages bring Spain so very vividly before us; but we must find room for one or two detached remarks, which have pleased us infinitely.

"I have remarked, that the stories of treasure buried by the Moors are most current among the poorest people. It is thus kind Nature consoles with shadows for the lack of substantial. The thirsty man dreams of fountains and running streams, the hungry man of ideal banquets, and the poor man of heaps of hidden gold—nothing is certainly more magnificent than the imagination of a beggar."

The more proudly a mansion has been tenanted in the day of its prosperity, the humbler are its inhabitants in the day of its decline; and the palace of the king ends in being the nestling-place of the beggar."

An *Andalusian Sabre*.—He carries it always about with him, as a child does its doll, calls it his Santa Theresa, and says, that when he draws it, "*Temblo la tierra*—the earth trembles."

Before our next, this delightful publication will be in a thousand hands, and may then be better appreciated than it can be by our extracts, and the very favourable opinion we must express of its merits, ere it has yet seen the common light.

*The Maid of Elvar: a Poem, in Twelve Parts.* By Allan Cunningham. Pp. 214. London, 1832. Edward Moxon.

There is reminding us strongly of the old poetical Romantic, in construction, in story, and in imagery, this production, by Allan Cunningham, is at least a novelty for the present day. The general term of rustic epic, might, perhaps, be the most applicable, for its chief force lies in the description of rural affairs and scenery; and in many places, Tassier's Hundred Points of Good Husbandry are not more accurate than our author's descriptions. The tale itself is simple enough. The Maid of Elvar, to escape from Sir Ralph Latoun, a rough and bold English baron, who is foiled in an attempt to conquer Nithsdale, by Eustace Grime, assumes the guise of a lowly maiden, and seeks

refuge in the home of old Miles Grime, the father of Eustace, and in the circumstances of a substantial farmer. Here she makes conquest of the heart of the young peasant, minstrel, and hero, as she had previously done, in her own character of heiress of Elvar, at a competition in song, where Eustace won the chaplet. During her abode with Miles, she witnesses the humble country life painted by the poet; but being discovered on the eve of her nuptials, is forcibly carried off by Latoun, pursued by her lover and his friends. They cross the Solway, and Sybil (so is she named) is rescued from her captivity by Eustace, who slays his rival. The long-lost father of the maid appears, and forbids her marriage with a churl; but Miles Grime turns out to be his ancient companion in arms, Lord Herries,—forfeited and proscribed in one of the feuds of the age,—and the whole ends happily.

Such is an outline of the twelve books of a legend laid in the age of Mary Queen of Scots, when, as the bard says—

"Chief drew his sword on chief:  
Religion, with her relique and her brand,  
Made strife between our bosom-bones, and grief  
And woe, by abundant in the land;  
Our glass of glory sank into its last sand,  
Rank with its treason, priesthood, with its craft,  
Turned Scotland's war-lance to a willow wand;  
Knee-deep in Tweed stood England with her shaft,  
And whiles she menaced war, and whiles in scorn she  
laughed."

In the midst, however, of these miserable scenes, Beauty not only sat on the Scottish throne, but, according to Cunningham, as well as to the historians who have given us the lovely portraits of Mary's attendants, adorned the land throughout. He thus presents his heroine.

"Fair Sybil comes: the flowers which scent her feet  
Bloom for her sake alone; the polished shells  
Raise as she touches them a sound as sweet  
And musical as the breeze breathed on bells:  
Her hand waves lilies, and her dark eyes rain spells;  
Her mouth, men might mistake it for the rose,  
Whose opening lips afar the wild bee smells;  
Her hair down gushing in an amful flow,  
And floods her ivory neck, and glitters as she goes."

The state of the country and the people is described in a strain not unworthy of this personal sketch.

"Much mirth was theirs—war was no wonder then;  
Dread fled with danger, and the cottage cots;  
The shepherd's war-pipe, called the sons of men  
When morning's wheel threw bright dew from its  
To pastures green to lead again their flocks;  
The horn of harvest followed with its call;  
Fast moved the sickle, and swift rose the shocks  
Behind the reapers like a golden wall.  
Gravely the farmer smiled, by turns approving all.  
The ripe corn waved in lone Dalgonan glen,  
That, with its bosom basking in the sun,  
Lies like a bird; the night of wailing men  
Joins with the sound of streams that southward run,  
With fragrant holms atween, then mix in one  
Beside a church, and found two ancient towers  
Form a deep fosse. Here sire is hired by son,  
And war comes never: ankle-deep in flowers  
In summer walk its dames among the sunny bowers."

We must quote another portion or two in which the author indulges in his love of pastoral images.

Behind the mountain's summit slowly sank:  
Crows came in clouds down from the moorlands dun,  
And darkened all the pine-trees, rank on rank;  
The homeward milch-cows at the fountains drank;  
Swains drop the sickle, hinds unlock the car;  
The twin hares sported on the clover-bank,  
And with the shepherd or the upland fair  
Came out the round pale moon, and star succeeding star.  
Star followed star, though yet day's golden light  
Upon the hills and headlands faintly streamed;  
To their own pine the twin-doves took their flight,  
From crag and cliff the clamorous sea-mews screamed,  
In glade and glen the cottage windows gleamed,  
Larks left the cloud, for silver the gray owl sat,  
The fountains and lakes up slight radiance steamed,  
Winging his twilight journey hummed the snail,  
The drowsy beetle droned, and skimmed the watery  
bat."

Again:—  
"Morn came, and with the morn  
Of harvest horns no more was heard the sound;  
No more the reap-hook 'neath the ripe corn  
Moved, while the merry song rung round and round;  
The harquebus shot, the hallooing in the bound,  
The shepherd's whistle and the thrasher's hail,  
All these, and other gentler sounds abound;  
The ice-fringed brook scarce singing down the dale,  
The gentle maidens sigh at some sad shepherd's tale."

The golden hours of the glad year are gone,  
The forest's fragrant plumage is plucked: how short,  
And stormy too, the journey of the sun!  
The vessel gladly makes her destined port,  
The herds unto the green kale-wards resort,  
The plough lies idle in the half-drawn furrow,  
The barman's chaff comes down like snow, his sport,  
The hunter takes, the rabbit keeps his burrow,  
And old men shake their locks and sigh: 'Tis winter  
And yet thorough—  
That yearn'st seen Winter trod on Autumn's heel,  
Snow wrapt the mountains, and the Frost came next,  
And laid his cold hand on the miller's wheel,  
And nearly stayed it."

There is great truth and merit in these passages, which we have selected as fine specimens of one of the author's best qualities; but we must show that he is not confined to this limit. Listen to his opinions of the race to which himself belongs:—

"Bards' scorn cuts sharper than a two-edged sword,  
Their wit's more dangerous than a flying arrow,  
Their taunt taints blood as doth the bannan's cord—  
O, how the pinched penurious soul they harrow,  
And pour their liquid hell-fire through his marrow!  
But for heroic souls the immortals wait,  
A blessing twice, as they have blessed the Yarrow—  
More bright than all earth's rivers runs the rill,  
And conscious winds its way in fame by holm and hill."

Of love:—  
"True gentle love is like the summer dew,  
Which falls when all is still and hush,  
And falls unseen until its bright drops sere,  
With odours, herb and flower, and bank and bush.  
O, love! when womanhood is in the flush,  
And man's a young and an unspotted thing;  
His first breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,  
Are fair as light in heaven, or flowers in spring—  
The first hour of true love worth our worshipping."

Honest Allan seems to have a consummate dread of any fiercer flame, and thus speaks of such a visitation, and of those on whom it may chance to light:—

"On whom love like the fierer gale blows,  
And then the heart is rent—a thunder-stroke  
That makes men dust before they hear the sound,  
A shaft that leaves dark venom in the wound,  
A frost that all the buds of manhood nips,  
A sea of passion in which true love's drowned,  
A demon strangling virtue in its gripes,  
A day when reason's sun is quenched in dread eclipse."

This "gripes" does not please us so much as another bold metaphor, where the heroine is offended, and

"Her glowing neck seemed ivory wet with wine!"  
But we leave these delicate topics for an extract which describes a curious antique dance: it follows—

"And she hath called to mind an interlude,  
Or rustic play, where Waste makes war on Thrift.  
Forth to the floor there steps a peasant shrew,  
Who of each national drollery knows the drift:  
With lighted torch he sings and dances swift,  
Soon by his side a maiden seers the floor;  
Moves grave, and scarce her foot at first can lift:  
She beats a dais in her hand, and sings a song demure  
Draws out the thrifty thread, and sings a song demure.  
Thrift dances as she sings, and all her strain  
Is of domestic plainness, fire-side bliss,  
And household rule; nor thought loose, light, or vain,  
Stains her pure vision of meek happiness;  
Religion's comforts, wedlock's holy ties,  
The white web bleached by maiden's whiter hands,  
The lipping children in their homespun dress,  
The wealth which gathers 'neath Thrift's magic wand,  
The fame of a chaste life amid a virtuous land."

Waste danced, and sang a free strain and a light;  
Of young Joy's foot, which gaily out can measure  
Life's weary ways of Love, whose fingers white  
Strew all youth's way with fresh flowers plucked from  
pleasure—  
And Laughter loud, who never yet found leisure  
To pause and think; and Merriment, who comes  
The tears of sadness into current treasure;  
And Wantonness, his hot lips moist with wine,  
And Pleasure ever gay, with loose ungirded limbs,  
They danced with many an antique touch and dem,  
And like wild levin flashed and flew about."



Those who enjoy the privilege of reading *Æschylus* require not to be told that, of all the classical tragedians, he is, for many reasons, the most obscure; and consequently the translation of his works, since it triumphs nobly over any such difficulties which, through his pages, come most sincerely to us, says that in no translation which we have yet perceived have the style and meaning of *Æschylus* been so correctly exhibited, and eloquently rendered, as they are by Capt. Medwin. He has brought in his the prime qualifications of a poetical translator.





and, I confess, the arrangement did not surprise me."

**American Cookery.**—"The ordinary mode of living is abundant, but not delicate. They consume an extraordinary quantity of bacon. Ham and beef-steaks appear morning, noon, and night. In eating, they mix things together with the strangest incongruity imaginable. I have seen eggs and oysters eaten together, the sempiternal ham with apple-sauce, beef-steak with stewed peaches, and salt fish with onions. The bread is every where excellent, but they rarely enjoy it themselves, as they insist upon eating horrible half-baked hot rolls both morning and evening. The butter is tolerable; but they have seldom such cream as every little dairy produces in England; in fact, the cows are very roughly kept, compared with ours. Common vegetables are abundant and very fine. I never saw sea-caul or cauliflowers; and either from the want of summer rain, or the want of care, the harvest of green vegetables is much sooner over than with us. They eat the Indian corn in a great variety of forms; sometimes it is dressed green, and eaten like peas; sometimes it is broken to pieces when dry, boiled plain, and brought to table like rice—this dish is called hominy. The flour of it is made into at least a dozen different sorts of cakes; but in my opinion all bad. This flour, mixed in the proportion of one-third with fine wheat, makes by far the best bread I ever tasted. I never saw turbot, salmon, or fresh cod; but the rock and shad are excellent. There is a great want of skill in the composition of sauces, not only with fish, but with every thing. They use very few made-dishes, and I never saw any that would be approved by our *savans*. They have an excellent wild duck, called the canvass back, which, if delicately served, would surpass the black cock; but the game is very inferior to ours—they have no hares, and I never saw a pheasant. They seldom indulge in second courses, with all their ingenious temptations to the eating a second dinner; but almost every table has its dessert (invariably pronounced desert), which is placed on the table before the cloth is removed, and consists of pastry, preserved fruits, and creams. They are 'extravagantly fond' to use their own phrase, of puddings, pies, and all kinds of 'sweets,' particularly the ladies; but are by no means such connoisseurs in soups and ragouts as the gastronomes of Europe. Almost every one drinks water at table; and, by a strange contradiction, in the country where hard drinking is more prevalent than in any other, there is less wine taken at dinner; ladies rarely exceed one glass, and the great majority of females never take any. In fact, the hard drinking, so universally acknowledged, does not take place at jovial dinners, but, to speak plain English, in solitary dram-drinking. Coffee is not served immediately after dinner, but makes part of the serious matter of tea-drinking, which comes some hours later."

**Distinction of Rank.**—"I was really astonished at the *coup d'œil* on entering, for I saw a large room filled with extremely well-dressed company, among whom were many very beautiful girls. The gentlemen also were exceedingly smart; but I had not yet been long enough in Western America not to feel startled at recognising in almost every full-dressed beau that passed me, the master or shopman that I had been used to see behind the counter, or jolling at the door of every shop in the city. The fairest and finest belles smiled and smirked on them with as much zeal and satisfaction as I ever saw bestowed on an eldest son, and I there-

fore could feel no doubt of their being considered as of the highest rank. Yet it must not be supposed that there is no distinction of classes: at this same ball I was looking among the many very beautiful girls I saw there for one more beautiful still, with whose lovely face I had been particularly struck at the school examination I have mentioned. I could not find her, and asked a gentleman why the beautiful Miss C. was not there. 'You do not yet understand our aristocracy,' he replied; 'the family of Miss C. are mechanics.' But the young lady has been educated at the same school as these whom I see here, and I know her brother has a shop in the town, quite as large, and apparently as prosperous, as those belonging to any of these young men. What is the difference?' 'He is a mechanic; he assists in making the articles he sells; the others call themselves merchants.' The dancing was not quite like, yet not very unlike, what we see at an assize or race-ball in a country town. They call their dances cotillions instead of quadrilles, and the figures are called from the orchestra in English, which has a very ludicrous effect on European ears. The arrangements for the supper were very singular, but eminently characteristic of the country. The gentlemen had a splendid entertainment spread for them in another large room of the hotel, while the poor ladies had each a plate put into their hands, as they pensively promenaded the ball-room during their absence; and shortly afterwards servants appeared, bearing trays of sweet-meats, cakes, and creams. The fair creatures then sat down on a row of chairs placed round the walls, and each making a table of her knees, began eating her sweet, but sad and sulky repast. The effect was extremely comic; their gala dresses and the decorated room forming a contrast the most unaccountable with their uncomfortable and forlorn condition. This arrangement was owing neither to economy nor want of a room large enough to accommodate the whole party, but purely because the gentlemen liked it better. This was the answer given me, when my curiosity tempted me to ask why the ladies and gentlemen did not sup together; and this was the answer repeated to me afterwards by a variety of people to whom I put the same question."

We will not enter into the details of religious fanaticism described by Mrs. Trollope; but quote the following instance for the sake of drawing the attention of the American press to the statement, either for its corroboration or denial, as we can scarcely credit so monstrous an example of sectarian tyranny.

"I had the following anecdote from a gentleman perfectly well acquainted with the circumstances. A tailor sold a suit of clothes to a sailor a few moments before he sailed, which was on a Sunday morning. The corporation of New York prosecuted the tailor, and he was convicted, and sentenced to a fine greatly beyond his means to pay. Mr. F., a lawyer of New York, defended him with much eloquence, but in vain. His powerful speech, however, was not without effect, for it raised him such a host of Presbyterian enemies as sufficed to destroy his practice. Nor was this all; his nephew was at the time preparing for the bar, and soon after the above circumstance occurred his certificates were presented, and refused, with this declaration, 'that no man of the name and family of F. should be admitted.' I have met this young man in society; he is a person of very considerable talent, and being thus cruelly robbed of his profession, has become the editor of a newspaper."

We have no room for further extract; but

there is a great deal more of amusing gossip, and, like all gossip, containing much that is false, and more that is exaggerated. It is, however, a curious circumstance to find our *liberals*, men or women, who cross the Atlantic to indulge in the blessed spectacle of a perfectly free and happy people, thus returning to publish nothing but complaints and censure. Fearon, Capt. Hall, and now Mrs. Trollope, the friend and companion of the renowned Miss Frances Wright—all, all tell the same story. The imaginations of the spirit-dealer, the tar, and the philosophical lady, are horribly disappointed: America is tried by a standard which does not apply to human nature and human infirmity; and, what between senseless boasting on one hand, and the reaction of ridiculous expectations on the other, it is difficult to obtain a fair glimpse of brother Jonathan and his ways.

Let us conclude: Mrs. Trollope deserves that it should be with a compliment to her talents.

**Klosterheim, or the Masque.** By the English Opium-Eater. 12mo. pp. 305. Edinburgh, 1832. Blackwood; London, Cadell.

We regret that we cannot compliment the English Opium-Eater upon this product of his brain, which is redolent of his propensity, and has had a similar effect upon our sensorium. It is a tale of the Thirty Years' War, improbable, dry, and uninteresting. We care for nobody introduced, their escapes or their misfortunes. A few slight historical traits are the only redeeming qualities of the volume.

**The Little Girl's own Book.** By Mrs. Child. 3d edition. London, 1832. Tegg.

We are well pleased to see this nicely ornamented and nice child's book in a new edition.

**The Flowers of Fable, &c. &c.** Embellished with 150 Engravings on wood. pp. 352. London, 1832. Vizetelly, Braamston, and Co.

ONE of the prettiest and most amusing and instructive publications of this enterprising house, which has done so much to allure the young mind, through the attractions of clever design and admirable engraving, to the pursuit of useful knowledge. As a book to give to children of all ages, we could not point out a more welcome present; and as a production of art, while it has that which must amuse them, it has a great deal to beget the admiration of elder amateurs. The fables—from ancient and modern, foreign and native authors—are judiciously selected;—indeed, the *Flowers of Fable* is a perfect parterre of beauty and fine odour in every way.

**Ricordanza, or Friendship's Memento.** 24mo. pp. 133. Birmingham, Wrightson and Webb; London, Hamilton and Adams.

A SELECTION of poetry, neatly got up, to which Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L. contribute a large proportion;—we dare say, without leave or license from either. This is really, we beg the ladies' pardon, to plough for profit with other folks' heifers.

**Waverley Novels, Vol. XXXVI. Redgauntlet, Vol. II.** Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whitaker.

A WELL-CONCEIVED frontispiece, with costume and accessories, cleverly delineated by D. O. Hill, and well engraved by A. Fox; together with a capital and characteristic vignette of Peter Peebles by W. Kidd, the engraver J. Horsburgh,—particularly recommend this

volume to the regard of the subscribers to the series of which it forms part.

*Van Woorck's Tableau of the Dutch and Flemish Painters of the Old School.* pp. 104. London, 1832. Hatchard and Son.

An excellent and most convenient abridgment of what might make a large dictionary. It is divided into columns, with, 1, the names of the artists in alphabetic order; 2, their bye-names or surnames, where they were known by such; 3, places of birth; 4, dates; 5, places of death; 6, dates; 7, their peculiar styles and studies; and, 8, remarks on their characters and works. This extremely useful and portable volume contains names and information unknown to our most elaborate treatises.

*The Fair of May Fair.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

WE have glanced over this novel, but have no room for criticism this week. It belongs to the fashionable class, and is, we have heard, the work of Mrs. Gore.

*Histoire de l'Empereur Napoléon.* &c. Par L. A. J. Mordacque. 12mo. pp. 401. Londres, de Porquet et Cooper.

EMBRILLED with a portrait and map, this volume has been compiled for the use of the young and of schools; but the history of Napoleon is far too near our own times, and its motives, events, and results, far too doubtful to admit of its being faithfully applied to the moral instruction of youth. As a brief account of his rise, victories, power, disasters, and fall, the narrative is well enough, and sufficiently favourable to its hero.

*New French and English Pronouncing Dictionary, on the basis of Nodding's.* By F. C. Meadows, M.A. Glasgow, Griffin and Co. London, Tegg.

*A Dictionary of the French and English Languages.* By L. F. Porquet. London, Porquet and Cooper.

THESE are both pocket dictionaries. OF Mr. Meadows' performance, we must say that it does him infinite credit, and is an honour to Glasgow and its university. Ample and able in every respect, the student of the French language and pronunciation can hardly consult a better oracle. Mr. Porquet's work is also most praiseworthy, especially for its improvement in explaining a multitude of new words which new circumstances have introduced into the French tongue.

*A Guide to Southampton, Netley Abbey, the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, Gosport, Winchester, and Basingstoke.* By Charles Andrews. CLEAR, concise, and satisfactory.

*The Grecian History, familiarly put into Verse, for the use of Children.* pp. 36. Harvey and Darton.

WE are very guarded in expressing our opinion of books for children, for we never saw six in our lives which did not contain something objectionable. The idea of this tiny production is good, and it will serve to fix events and dates in Grecian history on the memories of young and old; but, for the very young, there are other ideas which must puzzle them in their search after truth: *ex. gr.*

So great was then Darius' host,  
As might have scared the sea and dry coast.

Where, for the sake of the familiar rhyme to help the recollection, we have not only an ab-

surdity—for the sea is not to be scared, and children do not understand the figure of speech—but also bad grammar, as witness our italics. Still, however, this is a nice little book.

*Rodolph, a Dramatic Fragment; and other Poems.* By a Minor. Pp. 48. London, Griffiths; Wittenoom and Cremer.

OUR minor poet, having composed this book before he had completed his nineteenth year, affords us a fair specimen of his talent in a single verse, upon "the kiss," in which he tells us he "professedly imitates the style of Mr. Lisle."

What's sweeter on earth than a kiss  
From a maiden's rosy lip?  
Or what joy more like to bliss  
Than one long delicious sip?

*Tour of a German Prince.* &c. Vol. IV. E. Wilson.

WE had intended to conclude our review of this amusing work this week; but a folio will but contain a folio, a sheet will only hold a sheetful; so we must be content with a continuation in two short paragraphs.

AUGUST 8th.—Canning is dead. A man in the plenitude of his intellectual power, who had but a few weeks ago arrived at the goal of his active life, who had risen to be the ruler of England, and, in that quality, unquestionably the most influential man in Europe; endowed with a spirit of fire that would have guided the reins he held with a mighty hand, and a soul capable of embracing the good of his species from a station more elevated than any to which human ambition could raise him. One shock has overthrown this proud structure of many years. And this high-spirited man was doomed to end his days by a sudden and tragic death, amid fearful sufferings, the victim of a relentless destiny, who steps on with iron foot, trampling down all that comes in her way; heedless whether it be the young seedling, the swelling blossom, the lovely tree, or the withering plant, that she crushes. What will be the consequences of his death? Years must elapse before that will be seen: perhaps it will hasten on a conclusion which seems to threaten us on many sides, and to which only a large-minded, liberal, and enlightened statesman, like Canning, were capable of giving unity and a favourable direction.

*The Romance of History.* England: from the Norman Conquest to the Reformation. By Henry Neale.

France: from the Time of Charlemagne to the Reign of Louis XIV. By Leitch Ritchie.

Italy: from the Lombard Epoch to the Seventeenth Century. By Charles Macfarlane.

Spain: from the Time of Roderick to the Seventeenth Century. By M. Trieba. Each 3 vols. Bull.

PRINTED uniformly with the Waverley Novels, and other works which have adopted that neat and convenient size, this edition of the four series of *Romances of History*, published with so much success at a higher price, will, we think, recommend these productions to a still more extensive circulation. We have expressed our very favourable opinion of them all as they have appeared; and need now only say, that the twelve volumes make a little library of very pleasant reading.

*The Golden Farmer.* &c. By E. J. Lance. London, 1832. J. Ridgway.

A very useful pamphlet, being an attempt to unite the facts pointed out in the sciences of

geology, chemistry, and botany, with the practical operations of husbandmen. We cannot say that the author was quite equal to such a task; but if his work turns the attention of any farmer to the "golden" advantages to be obtained from the union of science and art, or of practice and theory, it will answer a very valuable purpose. "Gentlemen farmers" are in bad repute among husbandmen, because they trust too much to theory, and by constant experiments become ultimate losers; but the same knowledge as is usually possessed by well-educated men, put into application by practical observers, would not only be advantageous to the agricultural class, but would benefit the country at large, and that upon a scale commensurate only with the magnitude of the object.

*A Series of Experiments performed for the purpose of shewing that Arteries may be obliterated without Ligature, Compression, or the Knife.* By Benjamin Phillips. London, 1832. Longman and Co.

WE have perused these experiments with some interest, and object to them as inconclusive. The accidents which appear to have accompanied the introduction of the needles, would in the human body be of the most serious character; nor do the experiments at all satisfy us with regard to the extent of the inflammation which may be anticipated from the proceeding recommended by the author. If, as he states, galvanism is capable, when conducted along the needle, of inducing the formation of a coagulum, such an experiment would certainly be well worth repeating; and, in the present state of the subject, we cannot do better than advise Mr. Phillips to continue the prosecution of his researches.

*Sermons, originally composed for a Country Congregation.* By the Rev. Cornelius Ives. 12mo. pp. 293. Oxford, 1832, Parker: London, Rivingtons.

PLAIN practical sermons, well adapted either for a country congregation or for family reading; the principles sound, and the language good, though unassuming. We could safely recommend them, were not the sanction of the venerable and highly respected Bishop of Durham, under whose auspices they appear, a sufficient guarantee of their value.

*Johnson's Dictionary; with Walker's Pronunciation of all the difficult or doubtful Words.* &c. A pocket edition, in diamond type. Pp. 234. London, Orr; Tilt; Cowie.

AN extremely neat and practically useful volume; so abridged by the application of dots as to afford all the most necessary intelligence in the smallest possible compass.

*The Use and Abuse of Grand Juries.* A Pamphlet. By Peter Laurie, Esq. B.C.L. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A most important inquiry and exposition, into which we shall enter more fully; but in the meantime must recommend to the notice it so generally merits.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### AFRICAN EXPEDITION.

OUR readers will recollect our account of the expedition to explore the interior of Africa, projected by Mr. Coulbourn and his friend Mr. Tyrwhitt. The following letter, from the Gambia, is the first intelligence of the travellers which has reached England:



My dear Sir, The St. George being ready

to sail for Fernando Po to-morrow, before I had an opportunity of ascending this river, I thought I should best fulfil the object in view by availing myself of the opportunity presented me. I am, however, happy to add, that the merchants here are about to despatch a gentleman named Grant from hence, to ascend the Gambia as high as it is navigable for canoes; there to establish a regular communication by Cofila with the nearest point on Joliba. Should we be favoured in our passage down, I shall yet have time to reach Funda before the rains come on in earnest; and this time of the year I shall have the benefit of a south-westerly wind up the river in the gulf. I have the honour to be, my dear sir, very truly yours,

C. H. COULTHURST.

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR MAY.

**Transit of Mercury over the Sun's Disc.**—46 and 54—the very interesting phenomenon will occur of the planet Mercury continuing visible on the solar disc, as a circular black spot, for nearly seven hours—a celestial spectacle not witnessed in this country since the year 1802, and not again occurring visible at Greenwich till the year 1845. The following are the circumstances of the transit, calculated for the meridian of Greenwich.

	Apparent Time.	Mean Solar Time.
	D. H. M. S.	D. H. M. S.
External ingress	4 21 25	4 20 56
Central ingress	21 3 51	21 0 41
Internal ingress	21 5 16	21 1 46
Middle ingress	21 6 37	21 2 23
Internal egress	3 51 55	3 45 0
Central egress	3 53 20	3 46 25
External egress	3 54 45	3 47 50

Nearest distance of Mercury to the Sun's centre 8' 42"; Sun's semidiameter 15' 52"; Mercury's semidiameter 5' 7".

At Paris, according to the time of the place:

	True Time.	Mean Time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Exterior contact at ingress	12 12 17	12 8 48
Interior	12 15 38	12 12 9
Middle	12 18 59	12 15 30
Interior contact at egress	12 22 20	12 18 51
Exterior	12 25 41	12 22 12

At Berlin, the central ingress will take place at 21<sup>h</sup> 58<sup>m</sup> 20<sup>s</sup>, and the central egress at 4<sup>h</sup> 47<sup>m</sup> 3<sup>s</sup>.

The following diagram will point out the situation of the planet at ingress and egress; also the intermediate places at the times annexed, 21<sup>h</sup>, 22<sup>h</sup>, 28<sup>h</sup>, corresponding with 9<sup>h</sup>, 10<sup>h</sup>, 11<sup>h</sup>, of the morning of the 5th day (next Saturday). The black spot representing the planet, should be in proportion to the large circle, the sun, should be  $\frac{1}{17}$  of the latter.

**Notes.**—A large circle representing the sun, and a small circle representing the planet, are shown in the diagram. The planet is shown at ingress, middle, and egress, and at intermediate places at the times annexed.

At the commencement of the transit, the sun will be vertical to the northern shores of the Red Sea; at the middle, to the river Gambia; and at the end, to the West Indies. It will be visible to the whole of Europe, Africa, and great

part of Asia, the whole of South America, and the principal parts of North America.

A very pleasing method of observing the transit, by which several persons may see it at the same time, may be adopted, by transmitting the sun's image through a telescope into a darkened room: the image of the sun can be received on paper, and the progress of the planet traced without distressing the sight.

The transit of an inferior planet over the disc of the sun is exactly the same, mathematically considered, as a solar eclipse: transits are, in fact, true annular eclipses of the sun, and the same formulae may be applied to calculate the one and the other. The recurrence of the transits of Mercury depends on four of his revolutions being nearly equal to one revolution of the earth, or according to the following ratio:—

7 revolutions of the Earth = 29 revolutions of Mercury.

Consequently transits of Mercury will happen at intervals of 7, 13, 33, 46, &c. years: the two bodies coming into the same position relatively to each other at the expiration of these periods. A transit occurs when Mercury is in his nodes, (those points where the orbit intersects the ecliptic,) and the Earth is in the same longitude. The node, from which Mercury ascends northward above the ecliptic, is in longitude 46° 14' 20" 2, and, of course, the descending node is in the opposite point of the heavens. The Earth is in these points about the 5th of November, and the 4th of May; and when Mercury comes to either of his nodes at his inferior conjunction about these times, he passes immediately between the Earth and Sun, and appears to traverse the solar disc, disrobed of his brilliancy, and clad in gloom. At other inferior conjunctions he either passes above or below the Sun, and is consequently invisible, being lost in the Sun's rays. Owing to the very slow motion of his nodes (42" 3 annually), the transits of Mercury, for many ages to come, will occur in the months of May and November.

A transit of Mercury happened at the descending node in May 1799; the succeeding transit at the same node is the one occurring in the present month; the next will follow in May 1845, 1878, and 1891, of which that in the latter year will be invisible in this country. The last transits that have occurred in this century at the ascending node, were in 1802, 1815, and 1822; the next, at the same node, will be in November 1835, 1848, 1861, 1868, 1881, and 1894; of which those in 1848, 1861, and 1868, will be visible to the British Isles; five only, before the commencement of the year 1900.

The first astronomer who predicted the transits of the inferior planets was Kepler. He foretold that of Mercury in 1631, but died shortly before its occurrence. This transit was seen by Cassendi; the first that was ever known to have been witnessed by any human being.

The last transit of Mercury, visible in Europe, was in November 1802, and is remarkable for the delight which it afforded to the closing days of the celebrated astronomer Lalande, then in his seventieth year. It enabled

him to verify the elements of this planet; from which he concluded that his tables, the result of forty years' labour, had reached the utmost perfection—though, doubtless, every transit will tend to promote a greater degree of precision than could have been anticipated thirty years since.

The transits of Mercury, which occur much oftener than those of Venus, are applicable to the solution of the same problem as that deduced from the transits of the latter planet in 1761 and 1769, the determining the distance of the Earth from the Sun, which before was supposed to be thirteen millions of miles less than it is now believed to be; but the observations of Mercury are subject to greater errors than those of Venus, owing to his greater distance, which occasions the difference of the parallaxes to be so little as always to be less than the solar parallax sought. The parallax of Venus is nearly four times as great as that of the Sun, consequently transits of this planet are of more practical importance.

The first transit of Venus since the Creation, that is known to have been seen, was observed in 1639; the next took place in 1761 and 1769. These latter were very generally observed from different parts of the world. To that of 1769 we owe the first of the celebrated voyages of Captain Cook, who was sent to Tahiti to observe it. The next of Venus occurs in 1874, invisible here; the two following, in 1882 and 2004, will be visible in this country. Between the years 2000 and 3000 there will be seventeen transits of Venus; the last of which will happen 14th June, 2984.

An atmosphere was suspected about the planet Venus, which was supposed to have occasioned some singular phenomena observed both at the ingress and egress. The planet Mercury was examined during the transit of 1802, to endeavour to detect such a medium, but no indications of an atmosphere were perceived. Relative to the present transit, it is ardently hoped that the weather may prove favourable, that not only the scientific, but also the curious observer, may be gratified with so unusual a spectacle.

20<sup>th</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> 54<sup>th</sup>—the Sun enters Gemini; the following phases and conjunctions.

	D. H. M. S.
Saturn in Leo	21 7 0
Uranus in Capricornus	21 7 0
Jupiter in Pisces	21 7 0
Mars in Aries	21 7 0
Venus in Libra	21 7 0
Mercury in Cancer	21 7 0
Full Moon in Libra	21 7 0
First Quarter in Aquarius	21 7 0
New Moon in Taurus	21 7 0

The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D. H. M. S.
Saturn in Leo	21 7 0
Uranus in Capricornus	21 7 0
Jupiter in Pisces	21 7 0
Mars in Aries	21 7 0
Venus in Libra	21 7 0
Mercury in Cancer	21 7 0
Full Moon in Libra	21 7 0
First Quarter in Aquarius	21 7 0
New Moon in Taurus	21 7 0

**Occultation of Saturn.**—This will occur under peculiarly favourable circumstances of phase and position of the Moon, and time of occultation. Immersion 9<sup>h</sup> 10<sup>m</sup> 45<sup>s</sup>; emersion 10<sup>h</sup> 10<sup>m</sup> 45<sup>s</sup>. The following diagram will illustrate the phenomenon.

The diagram shows the Moon occulting Saturn. The Moon is represented by a large circle, and Saturn by a smaller circle. The Moon is shown at ingress, middle, and egress, and at intermediate places at the times annexed.

At the commencement of the transit, the sun will be vertical to the northern shores of the Red Sea; at the middle, to the river Gambia; and at the end, to the West Indies. It will be visible to the whole of Europe, Africa, and great

At the time of occultation, the major axis of the ring of Saturn will be  $42^{\circ} 7'$ , the minor axis  $4^{\circ} 45'$ ; or nearly as 10 to 1.

$4^{\circ} 23' 45''$ —Mercury at his inferior conjunction.  $16^{\circ}$ —in aphelion.  $17^{\circ}$ —stationary near 38 Arietis.  $20^{\circ}$ —in conjunction with Venus.

$7^{\circ}$ —Venus in conjunction with Piscium: difference of latitude  $4'$ .  $21^{\circ}$ —with Arietis: difference of latitude  $1'$ .

$25^{\circ} 22'$ —Mars in conjunction with Jupiter: difference in declination  $51'$ .

The Asteroids.— $4^{\circ}$ —Vesta  $2^{\circ}$  N.E. of  $\gamma$  Cancri; Juno  $1^{\circ} 8'$  S. of Regulus, and  $50'$  N. of 31 Leonis. Pallas and Ceres are too near the Sun to be satisfactorily seen.

None of the eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter will be visible this month.

$10^{\circ}$ —Saturn stationary near 1 Leonis.  $20^{\circ} 14' 30''$ —in quadrature.

$8^{\circ} 14' 30''$ —Uranus in quadrature.  $22^{\circ}$ —stationary.

Deified. J. T. BAKER.

## FINE ARTS.

## EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Second Notice: Conclusion.]

In No. 302, *Belinda at her Toilet*, by Miss F. Corbeaux, the fair artist has very happily represented the triumph of female beauty and female decoration.—No. 285, *The Somniferous Volume*. J. M. Moore. Whatever may be the power of the volume to close the eyes, that of the performance is well calculated to keep them open. Were it a little less purplish in its hue, we should say that we never saw a finer gem of art.—No. 203, *Guinea Fowl*, and 227, *Hare*. G. S. Shepherd. In this our day of skilful execution it is no ordinary talent that can give interest to subjects of this class; we consider Mr. Shepherd eminently successful in both these productions. Nor are we less inclined to admire the versatility of his talents in the landscape department of art; of which No. 209, *Carving of Wheat, with Gleaners*, and No. 233, *Haymaking, showery weather*, are striking proofs.—No. 88, *Nobody comes to marry me*. T. Urwin. The burden of the old ballad is well expressed; and a strong interest excited for the pretty rustic, who is lamenting her state of "single blessedness."—On the composition and expression of No. 53, *A Bit of Courtship*, J. P. Knight, we have already expressed our opinion in our notice of the British Gallery. Of this, the original sketch for the picture, we may justly say, that in handling and texture it is a brilliant example of Mr. Knight's skill in the management of water-colours.—No. 112, *The Gamester's Last Hit*, T. Clater. A repetition in water of the picture in oil now exhibiting at the Suffolk Street Gallery. Full of character and expression, with a Rembrandt-like effect of chiaroscuro.—No. 132, *Four subjects: Bird-catchers, Toiled, Hesitation, and the Holiday refused*. R. Farrier. Very clever; but why does an artist of Mr. Farrier's ability repeat himself so frequently?—No. 293, *Mr. Keeley*, T. Wageman. A very able specimen of Mr. Wageman's talents in theatrical portraiture.—No. 16, *Part of the Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick*. J. Holland. The artist has added much to the solemn interest of the scene, by the introduction of a female in the act of prayer. It seems to tell some tale connected with the family history.—No. 65, *Old Buildings, Sandwich, Kent*. J. Fage. This, and other productions by the same artist, all partake of the highly picturesque; and are executed with great truth and simplicity.—Of a similar character are Mr.

T. Maisey's drawings. No. 182, *Remains of the Old Mill, Aberdell, Vale of Neath, South Wales*, is an admirable example of them.

The department of Flowers and Fruit in this exhibition is well filled, and contains some exceedingly beautiful specimens, among which are, No. 83, *Gloxinea Spectosa*, Mrs. Withers; No. 134, *Convolvulus Major*, Mrs. Denis Dighton; and No. 275, *Grapes*, Miss Bowley.

The miniatures also, generally speaking, are in style and execution highly attractive. Among those which principally drew our notice were No. 287, *Portrait of a Lady*, Mrs. Green; No. 289, *A Zephyr*, and No. 303, *Jeune Dame de Qualité*, S. J. Rochart; No. 282, *A young Gentleman*; No. 300, *T. Maisey, Esq.* and No. 305, *Joseph Powell, Esq.*, W. Patten, &c. &c. &c.

Although our limits, and the pressure of various matter, will not allow us to particularise many other clever works in this new exhibition, we trust we have said enough to shew, that it is well worthy of patronage; and we have no doubt, that next year the Society will put forth still stronger claims to public attention and favour.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Visately, Brunston, and Co.'s Gold Frame Tablets.*

We recently noticed the neat and ingenious invention of tinted frame tablets by Visately and Co., on which drawings might be so readily and prettily mounted. On this plan the present handsome improvement seems to have been formed. It consists of the same material, but round the edge of the drawing there is a splendid imitation of a carved gold frame; so that with a little gum we can in five minutes have our picture deposited in a highly ornamented niche, resembling an old master of the age of Louis XIV. This clever design needs only to be known to be in great demand.

*The Hon. Mrs. Howard.*

THE eighty-ninth of the engravings of ladies of high rank for *La Belle Assemblée*. It is by Cochran, from a painting by Davis; and for style, beauty, and grace in art, equal to the finest of the whole number.

*Vignette to Cunningham's Maid of Elven.*

A SHEPHERD piping, with his dog at his foot—a charming design by Wilkie, and slightly but beautifully etched by J. Burnet.

*Der H. Johannes der Täufer von Joh. Henning, &c. &c.*

THIS print has been presented to us by Mr. A. Schloss, the publisher of the admirable engravings for anatomical studies, and is a fine example of the works supplied by the lithographic press of Munich. Their resemblance to the old painters is perfect; without colour, they are fac-similes of the originals, and enable us to form a complete idea not only of the particular pictures, but of the manner, style, and attributes, of the artist. A collection of these would be most valuable to students, professors, and virtuosos.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## DEATH AND THE YOUTH.

Not yet—the flowers are in my path.  
The sun is in my sky.  
Not yet—my heart is full of hope.  
I cannot bear to die.  
Not yet—I never knew till now  
How precious life could be.

My heart is full of love—oh, Death,  
I cannot come with thee!

But Love and Hope, enchanted twin,  
Passed in their falsehood by;  
Death came again, and then he said—  
"I'm ready now to die!"

## THE DYING CHILD.

Paraphrased from the German.

"Oh mother, what brings music here?  
Now listen to the song—  
So soft, so sweet, so beautiful—  
The night-winds bear along!"

"My child, I only hear the wind,  
As with a mournful sound  
It wanders mid the old oak trees,  
And strews their leaves around."

And dimmer grew his heavy eyes,  
His face more deadly fair,  
And down dropped from his infant hand  
His book of infant prayer.

"I know it now, my mother dear,  
That song for me is given;  
It is the angels' choral hymn  
That welcomes me to heaven."

## THE LITTLE SHROUD.

She put him on a snow-white shroud,  
A chaplet on his head;  
And gathered early primroses  
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave,  
"Twas hard to lay him there,  
When spring was putting forth its flowers,  
And every thing was fair."

She had lost many children—now  
The last of them was gone;  
And day and night she sat and wept  
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears  
Were falling with the dew,  
She heard a voice, and lo! her child  
Stood by her weeping too!

His shroud was damp, his face was white;  
He said—"I cannot sleep,  
Your tears have made my shroud so wet;  
Oh, mother, do not weep!"

Oh, love is strong!—the mother's heart  
Was filled with tender fears;  
Oh, love is strong!—and for her child  
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,  
And there she saw him stand;  
Her infant, in his little shroud,  
A taper in his hand.

"Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,  
And I can sleep once more!"  
And beautiful the parting smile  
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave  
He laid his weary head;  
And soon the early violets  
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—  
Again she knelt in prayer,  
And only asked of Heaven its aid  
Her heavy lot to bear.

The hints for these poems have been taken from the German. Two were mentioned to me in conversation by a friend, but the "Little Shroud" was translated, in prose, a week or so ago, in that most entertaining little paper the *Original*, which also did me the honour of recommending it to me.



## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.



## THE GARRICK CLUB PAPERS, NO. I.

## Majors and Minors.

MR. EDITOR.—I submit a few observations upon an article in your No. 795, upon the dramatic monopoly, trusting to your impartiality for its equal publicity in your columns.

The writer of the article in question is an enthusiastic advocate for the monopoly of the great theatres; and in his enthusiasm he does not scruple to exaggerate facts for the purpose of supporting his argument. Now, the question which has occupied so much of your correspondent's time as to enable him to fill six columns of your journal with his lucubrations, resolves itself simply into this:—either the public are to purchase their amusement wherever they think proper, or they are not. The idea of a patent granted some years since, when London was but the tithe of what it now is, being able to cull down all the little theatres, is about as ridiculous as would be the enforcement of any of the obsolete laws of the feudal times, which are still unrepealed upon our statute-book. The meaning to be attached to the word "buletta," upon which your correspondent lays so much stress, is of very trivial importance: it may serve to evade a prosecution—but I imagine that the minor theatres take their stand upon ground more tenable than the mere quibble of a word. To decide fairly, let us speak truly, and not attempt to darken one side of the argument in false shadows, for the purpose of advancing the brightness of the other. Let us avoid all personalities, and refrain from considering the interests of Madame Vestris as the interests of all the other minor theatre proprietors. It is evident that your correspondent has some pique against the fascinating madame—for his allusions are too pointed to be mistaken: they are rather coarse, too, and cannot be admitted in argument.

The most strange passage in the article to which these observations refer, is that which describes the minor theatres as *disgusting* to every modest woman. Is it possible that any gentleman can make such an ungrounded assertion? Can any man with the knowledge of the disgraceful state of the upper-boxes and saloons of the great theatres, venture to talk of the excitement of disgust? Your correspondent, sir, has boldly declared wives and sisters to be "disgusted" at the minors:—now, sir, let us see what proportion of shame hangs upon the boasted majors, which are so strenuously shadowed forth. Any one who has been in the habit of frequenting the second tier of boxes at either of the patent theatres, will, I imagine, go with me in saying no disgust has ever been so complete as that excited by the scenes which therein nightly transpire. Can any father take his children into those boxes?—any husband allow his wife to mingle

with the meretricious women that there assemble, insolent and audacious? Let your correspondent look to this, and then let him say if it is to be wondered at that fathers, brothers, and husbands, shut the doors of the national establishments, where such scenes and such people are to be found. How frequently may be seen young and lovely women hanging down their heads as they pass from the theatre through groups of wantons,—or, it may be, that have mistaken the direction, and become bewildered in that hotbed of infamy, the saloon. What must the feelings of a virtuous woman be at such a moment? Of course she will not again subject herself to such feelings, and her father or her husband takes her to other scenes, where amusement can be obtained without the contact of degradation and infamy.

Your correspondent advances the opinion of Sheridan in support of his argument; but we cannot receive the opinions of an *interested* man.

The hubbub that has been made respecting the majors and minors, is indeed very ridiculous: the subject should have been allowed to slumber, and the majors the last of all to have disturbed it—for the ultimate loss will certainly be theirs. It is not possible to prevent the minors from playing dramatic pieces, for the people will not travel eight or nine miles to see a play—they will have players nearer home; they have a right to it, an unquestionable right, and it is monstrous to enforce a monopoly. The great theatres should have been said—for the little ones will assuredly triumph, and then play the "legitimate drama" in despite, though I imagine they will not gain much reputation by so doing: the minors cannot play Shakespeare—they have not the men; they may burlesque him, but how many would go to such performances? A week or two ago I read a criticism in one of the Sunday papers, from which it appeared that at one of the chief of the minors *Julius Caesar* was played most ludicrously;—and I understand that that criticism was perfectly just. If the crusade was against such performances,—if the majors endeavoured merely to restrain their little rivals from playing the mere "legitimate" drama, I would most assuredly be upon their side; but they strike a deeper blow, and would restrict them to dancing and singing! But a stroke so monstrous will assuredly fail. There is a power greater than that of these boasted patents, the public will, and the public will declares that the minors shall remain in the enjoyment of all their privileges that custom has rendered lawful. It is notorious that the minors produce the most attractive novelties: the majors lumber on, and give us "nothing but soap," as the author of the memoir of Mr. Rayner, in one of the magazines, says. "They tell the people, 'If you do not choose to have *soap* for breakfast, *soap* for dinner, and *soap* for supper; you must go without food altogether.—For nobody else shall supply you with roast beef. We have patents for feeding you; and therefore drink our *soap* you must; if any body offers you beef, you must not receive it; for if you do, we will send the purveyors off to the treadmill, as rogues and vagabonds.'"

And is it to be supposed that the shallow arguments of your correspondent will uphold this monopoly?—does he suppose that the lord chamberlain, to whom he has the confidence to address his weakness, will be moved thereby? Forbid it every principle of common justice.

I have to apologise, sir, for trespassing upon so much of your valuable time; but as you have devoted two pages to the opinions of an

anonymous individual\* (who, from the tone of his communication, I imagine to be an interested party), I trust you will have no objection to publish the reply of a common observer, wholly unconnected with theatres, who has been induced thereto by the manifest unjustness of the preceding article, and the threat of its being continued.—I am, sir, &c.

A. B. C.

## WALKS ABOUT TOWN BY THE DEVIL INCOG!

Picked up near the Crater of Mount Stromboli.

NO. II.

All Mac in St. Giles's, and Almack's in St. James's.

THE organisation of society has given rise to many hypotheses; yet although many of its delineators have produced pictures, neither their colouring nor their drawing is much to be depended on. People see things at one view, yet there are two sides to every tablet. Society is a kind of kaleidoscope; every one beholds the beauty and harmony of its appearance, but few are aware of the worthlessness of the material by which such pleasing effects are produced. I am a deep observer, and even among my own particular friends am accounted a shrewd devil. I can discern the links which join the different ranks of mankind into one grand and harmonious whole, from the packthread or whipcord at the beginning to the gold lace at the extremity. I am not easily cheated: there are people who boast of being able to take in Old Nick himself, but this is an empty boast. I can judge of the kernel by the shell, and know the flavour of the fruit by its appearance. A handsome exterior does not hinder me from ascertaining the barrenness within, and the liberal opinions of the speaker never mislead me in my judgment of the man. Professions, I am well aware, are different from practice, and precepts are as contrary to example. The true study of mankind is never learnt from books. From ourselves, ourselves only can we know. To know the world is not merely gaining a familiarity with the customs and ordinances of fashionable society; we must become acquainted with the habits of thinking, the pursuits, and the pleasures of all sorts and conditions of men. Therefore I have made it my business to mingle as much with the lower classes as to associate with the higher, to contrast the pompous histories of the rich with "the short and simple annals of the poor."

The other day I bent my steps towards St. Giles's. As I passed Monmouth Street, the depots for second-hand apparel gave me the comfortable assurance, that people when they cast off their bad habits invariably leave the worst behind. This district is chiefly colonised by the Irish—a people who are partial to potatoes and patriotism, and so hospitable that they are ready to treat you with all they can afford, and to break your head into the bargain. They are very active and industrious, fighting and drinking all day, and drinking and fighting all night. They are sociable in their dispositions, one room being generally inhabited by at least twelve tenants, each of whom has the privilege of taking in lodgers,—and are so partial to the animal world, that they usually indulge the pigs and the cows with a share of their own beds. They make very agreeable companions, falling out whenever they can find an opportunity; and are so devoted to friendship

\* This is a mistake, as the writer will see by referring to our notice to correspondents in the same No., where Mr. Frank Mills, well known and highly appreciated in literary circles, was designated as the author of the letter, though his signature was accidentally omitted in the printing.—Ed. L. G.

that they quarrel with each other every hour in the day, merely for the pleasure of making it up again. When a relation dies, they think the most striking proof they can show of their respect for the deceased, is by their disrespect for the living—they drink peace to his manes, and then commence a general row over his remains. They are great sticklers for ceremony, and their wand of office is either a poker or a shillelagh—but they are not particular. They are staunch republicans,—at least if we may judge by their continued attacks upon *aristocrats*; and their philosophy consists in considering a broken head better than no head at all.

After some time spent in observing the knots of unemployed labourers, who were grouped in the different corners of the different thoroughfares, discussing with furious gesticulation the conduct of a certain Daniel O'Connell, I turned into some of the by-streets. The first I entered was narrow, and from its appearance I should have guessed that brooms and mops had never been heard of there. Women, whose faces were guiltless of being washed, were hanging along each other from opposite windows, in a dialect not exactly Tuscan; and children of all ages were engaged in the elegant pastime of bespattering each other with handfuls of the nice, soft, fragrant soil, which nature seemed so liberally to provide for their use. Their dresses were picturesque in the extreme. Nothing could have better displayed the beauty of those forms they were intended to adorn. As for shoes, it was evident to me that the understanding of so civilised a people would have been insulted if required to wear things so useless and unnecessary. A baggage, afflicted with a melancholy hoarseness, was being operated upon by a musician of some note in those parts, but what note he patronised I have never been able to ascertain. Two breech-less urchins were employed in tying an old tin-kettle to a cat's tail, and an old woman, with a military appearance, was telling her fortune to a girl who seemed as if she considered that the future was much to be preferred to the present. Seeing a house, or something like a house, on which good entertainments for man and beast was about as well written as a sign, I entered in the disguise of an Irish labourer. The place was a noted rendezvous of choice spirits, liquid and corporeal. Around me were various casks of (ample dimensions), some of which bore the titles of "Max," "Old Tom," "the cream of the valley," and others too numerous to mention. A portly dame was supplying her numerous customers at the bar, who had evidently been used to places bearing a similar name, and several men were executing orders, who appeared as if their own persons had been ordered for execution. Conversation was going forward with great earnestness, and as every one determined to talk, it consequently followed that no one was left to listen. A short time after I had entered, the fortune-telling woman followed me. She had doubtless come to render her acquaintance with *spirits*, as it was generally supposed that her knowledge was supplied from other sources than the schoolmaster's. I walked boldly, she complained of the dryness of the weather, and called for whiskey. Glasses after glasses were followed in quick succession. Her eyes brightened, her shrivelled features put on a smoother aspect, and her whole person exhibited an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Seeing that her thirst seemed to increase with what it fed on, I put on an austere expression of countenance and accosted her.

"Good woman!" I exclaimed, in a repri-

manding tone of voice, "why don't you go home to your family, instead of spending your time and money in swallowing those poisonous liquors?" "Blood and thunder!" she exclaimed, with the voice and look of a fury, "bad luck to the likes of ye, ye dirty black-guard! What bizness is it of ye's, ye ill-looking spalpeen. Arnt I an honest woman, an gets my bread in a respectable manner? And arnt I a right to cheer my ould heart wid a drop of the crater ven it please God to give me the manes? And do you mane to come axing your impertent questions of a decent body like me? By the blessed St. Patrick, if I haven't a great mind to make a hole in your ugly nose, you shafe of the world!" She flourished her leg of mutton fist in my face, with the intention of putting her throat into instant execution, when I interrupted her by saying, "Good woman!" (I repeated, in the same manner and tone as I had previously addressed her, "will you take a glass of gin?") Her arm dropped in an instant, she put on a smile which might have beguiled a serpent, and exclaimed, in a half-cooing, half-reproachful manner, "O you inanniwating willin'!" Then I bent my steps towards King Street, St. James's. The street and neighbouring thoroughfares were thronged, with splendid equipages, each anxious for pre-eminence. The horses were lashed, and the panels were smashed, that the young ladies should not be kept waiting. Coachmen swore, constables shouted, and there was a din louder than Pandemonium ever witnessed; but the inmates of the different carriages seemed insensible to the uproar: they were talking of the last ballet, and left to John the responsibility of breaking their necks, or his own. By dint of some exertion I got into the ball-room. Sounds of the most delicious music greeted me as I entered, and a soft and odorous were mingled with the music as it came floating on the air: throngs of beautiful females, brilliant with jewels, and adorned with all the graces that fashion can bestow upon its votaries, were twirling round in all the luxuriant evolutions of the mazurka and galopade. I watched them ween. Notwithstanding the splendour with which they were arrayed, there seemed little happiness and less humanity among them. The lovely looked upon all as lovely as themselves with a jealous eye, and their common pursuit was, not men of sense, but men of fashion. A commoner was in little estimation, a peer found his path illumined with sunshine. Rank, riches, and *cléat*, were the presiding deities of the temple; and love, and beauty, and worth, were sacrificed at their shrines. I could discern that even the young and inexperienced, new to the world, and pure from its contaminations, were as much influenced by the general feeling as those who had been more used to its depraving influence. Their fresh hearts thrilled with the same ambition, their hopes were animated with the same impulses, they put in practice the same arts, for the same purposes of admiration, influence, and conquest. I gazed upon a fair and slender-looking creature, to whom all seemed thronging to do homage, and saw beneath the veil of gentleness and simplicity imprinted on her features, a vortex of ungovernable passions raging in her breast. I listened to the conversation of two angels, sisters of high distinction: they were in general esteem as the two most amiable women in the room. They were conversing about the new debutante. "I wonder how Lord George can be so much attracted by that pale-faced piece of sensibi-

lity?" said the younger sister. "And there's his grace," replied the other, "paying her as much homage as if she were one of those pieces of ancient sculpture of which he talks with so much enthusiasm." "I am sure she possesses no beauty to boast of," exclaimed the more juvenile of the two, with an indignant toss of her own beautiful head. "Very little. Her features are attractive, and her figure pleasing." "But look at her—" (using a vulgar word, worse than thick) "anels!" interrupted the other with a contemptuous sneer, as she glanced at her own pretty little foot. I turned away from this specimen of *haut ton* in language and character, and proceeded to a more retired part of the room, where I perceived a very lovely woman, a wife and a mother, a ruler of the *beau monde*, and considered by that world a most exemplary character, engaged in earnest conversation with a young officer of the Guards. As I approached them, I overheard the subject of their discourse.

"Do not urge me," she whispered, with a tremulous voice, while her whole frame shook with agitation: "do not urge me, I implore you!" "Dear Lady Julia," exclaimed her handsome companion, with all a lover's fervour, "is this the reward of my long and ardent devotion; am I to remain the victim of a hopeless passion, which is destroying my life and youth; and are you to be left to the neglect of a man who values not the jewel he possesses, but renders to another's charms that homage which he ought to bestow on one so worthy of man's adoration; will you allow yourself to be wronged, to be disgraced, insulted, trifled with, for such a woman?" "If I thought that—" "Is familiar to all: there is not a doubt on the subject." "But it is not generous in you to take advantage of that knowledge; consider the consequences." "If you suffer such indignities to pass unretaliated, the world will no longer consider you as a woman of spirit, or worthy the example of the thousands on whom you bestow fashion and influence, by honouring them with your acquaintance." "If I were sure," explained her ladyship, hesitating. "Adored Julia! I have loved you too long and well to wish to deceive you. My heart and soul are unalterably yours. I live but in the sunshine of those bewitching eyes. May I, dare I hope—" "Hush, hush!" she whispered, trembling violently, "some one observes us. Let me see you to-morrow morning in my boudoir; my lord is going out of town. Adieu! we must not be seen together again to-night." She snatched her hand, which he would have been mad enough to raise to his lips, and disappeared among the dancers. "Capitally done, by Jove!" exclaimed the coxcomb, while adjusting his cravat; "pon my honour, never managed any thing of the kind half so cleverly."

The musicians still continued their seductive music, and the greater part of the company threaded the mazes of the different fashionable dances with as much earnestness as if they had been paid for it. I could not help considering, that it was the most agreeable way of spinning out existence which human ingenuity had ever invented. Independent of the consequences which may arise through an introduction so agreeably commenced, it produces a good effect inasmuch as it makes each endeavour to appear amiable to a new partner. The social virtues have also opportunities of encouragement as I have already shown; and the chain of connexion which binds society together are rendered more firm by the sacred character with which the votaries of pleasure are invested.

MEPHISTOPHILES.



## DRAMA.

## KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday, Rossini's *Elisabetta* was the novelty of the evening. The revival of an opera can be called so, for the purpose of introducing Tost to an English audience. This lady has gained a considerable share of fame on the continent; and it would be unfair to judge too harshly of an attempt evidently made without a knowledge of the size of the house, or the pitch of voice required to fill it, which, by being over-trained, had the effect of rendering some of the higher passages little better than screams. On Thursday the opera was repeated, and Tost much improved. Though not a first-rate songstress, her voice wanting richness, which sometimes gives it a very sound, still she has much taste, as also great musical acquirements. We shall therefore be glad to see her in an opera more suited to her, and in which she may have occasion to display those powers which we are sure she possesses. Winter and Curioni were very pleasing in *Leicester and Norfolk*. Of the rest, there being an apology made, we need not say any thing.

After the first act of the opera, a trifle, called *Daphnis et Cephise* was produced, for the purpose of bringing forward Heberle as a dancer. She is said to have been the model on which Taglioni formed her school; and it is delightful to behold both the mistress and the pupil so near perfection. Heberle is of a slight and pleasing figure, with an animated countenance, and dressed (query, half?) in the most tasteful and graceful style. Her dancing—but why describe that which to understand every body must see, and that which every one is sure to admire? Albert gets quite young again; Brugnoll delights us more and more with the elegance of her attitudes, and the fascinations of her toe-nails. The house was very full on Tuesday, and deservedly so; for the manager is certainly doing much to merit public favour.

## DIURY LANE.

On Easter Monday, an Oriental spectacle, called the *Magic Car*, was brought out, and has since stood more than "three days' trial." It is a fairy tale, in which individuals travel from the earth to an enchanted region, by means of a car, and return thence most miserably discontented. Into the why or wherefore, we do not think it necessary to inquire; suffice it to say, that Miss Faucit is a fine-looking fairy queen, Miss Kenneth a princess in distress, Cooper a gay Persian noble, and Harley a humour-serving man, with means to make folks suddenly ugly, and as suddenly restore them to beauty. A poor little child, Miss Adelaide Byrn, is made to caricature Italian dancing, which one must be sorry to see; it is painful to think on these sacrifices of infants, and the sorrows they must endure before they can be taught to disgust every good feeling in an audience.

On Thursday, a new play in five acts, another proof, if one were wanting, that there are yet some remains of life in our dramatic literature—was acted for the first time; and although, perhaps, it cannot boast of the prettiness and polish of a portion of Miss Kemble's poem, or of the force of character and strong interest of the *Hunchback*, is nevertheless a most respectable production, and will entitle the author to a very decent niche in the temple of the drama. The play, which is called the *Merchant of London*, is of a domestic kind, and relates to the adventures of a man who married in early life to the sister of a nobleman, is denounced by his new

relation for a heretic, flies his country, and leaves his wife to perish heart-broken in a convent. The action of the scenes makes known to us that some years have elapsed since this unfortunate occurrence; that the "denounced" has returned to England a merchant and a man of wealth; that by repeated loans he has gained virtual possession of his brother-in-law's estates; that the son of the noble, and a youth who has been educated with him, are suitors to the merchant's niece; that, notwithstanding his former determination to avenge his wrongs, he relents; and after discovering himself to, and reproaching his wronger, is about to restore him his property, when he learns that the son of his enemy has carried off his niece by force; that this aggression calls back all his former injuries, and that he is about to wreak his vengeance on the whole offending family, when the youthful page is discovered to be his own son; and this event, with the rescue of the lady, who is afterwards married to the youth, reconciles all parties, and terminates in a happy dénouement. Macready, upon whose shoulders the chief weight of the drama rests, sustained his burden with the power of an Atlas. In the early scenes, his description of his courtship and his wrongs was most touchingly delivered; and in the parts of violence and passion, those in which he reproaches his persecutor, and deploras the loss of his beloved "Mariana," we have never seen him display more sensibility, more true pathos, or produce a more powerful effect upon his audience. The author, indeed, though he may claim considerable merit, is greatly indebted for his success to this gentleman's exertions; and if the drama should receive encouragement, Macready's Merchant will henceforth rank with his Roman Father and his Patriot of the mountains. The other characters are not very prominent; but Cooper, which is the best of them, was well embodied; Miss Phillips was also good. Harley's, however, is a bad part, and might be omitted altogether without impeding the action, or doing the slightest injury to the piece. The scene of the "Abstentions" also requires great curtailment; it very nearly placed the whole play in jeopardy. The performance was received with great favour; and Macready, who announced the play for repetition, was welcomed with thunders of applause.

A CIRCUMSTANCE, most likely unprecedented in stage-history, occurred on Monday evening, viz: the performance at each of the patent theatres of a drama from the pen of the same author, and in one of which the same gifted individual acted the principal character. Besides this unusual occurrence, it gives us pleasure to record two others almost as rare upon an Easter night—a very good house, and a very attentive audience; and we are now thoroughly satisfied, that if managers, instead of lion-hunting and tiger-taming, would take to seeking out good writers—cherishing them when found, instead of disgusting them, as they too often do—paying them liberally—and supporting them against the inordinate claims and unwarrantable caprices of the inmates of the green-room, they would have little reason to find fault with the public; or to complain of the decline of the drama. After the *Hunchback*, in which Miss Kemble was, if possible, better than ever, a new tale of entertainment called, *The Tartar Witch* and the *Pedlar Boy*, was acted for the first time, and we are happy to announce, with good and well-merited success. To enter into the plot of such a piece is hardly necessary.

We expect on these holiday occasions some good scenery, some clever dancing, an animating procession or two, some ingenious mechanism, and a little fun; and when we say that the Groves satisfied us on one of these points, that Keeley, little Miss Poole, D'Albert, Mrs. Vedy, and Mrs. Vining, were equally good on others, and that the machinist and the pantomime-people were quite at home in their several departments, we think we may pronounce the *Tartar Witch* to be a clever and a gorgeous production. The first scene, the march over the bridges, the sudden appearance of the witch, the attack upon the prince's escort, and the subsequent battle is highly spirited; and in the second act, the scene in which Keeley gets up the chimney, and afterwards issues from it in a deep mourning, though bordering closely upon pantomime, is truly laughable. Mrs. Vining, need we add, makes a very dapper prince, and dances well at the royal wedding; and Miss Poole does a great deal with a character which is not so prominent as those usually entrusted to her. The whole afforded much gratification to the holiday visitors.

## STAND THEATRE.

THIS neat house resumed its season with great spirit and success on Monday; when three entirely new pieces were produced. The first, a nautical drama, by Mr. Bernard, called the *Long Finn*, with O. Smith as the hero, and Rayner and Miss Somerville in other leading parts, is very clever and effective, and is likely to have great popularity. The other novelties are also good of their kind, and well enacted; so that there is no wonder the theatre is filled with applauding audiences every night.

Has enlisted Dowton, and, with a fair company to support him, is nightly participating in the sale of public favour, which attends these minor speculations.

## FRENCH PLAYS.

We are glad to see this place of amusement going on so prosperously; all the novelties have met with deserved success, and the company leaves little to be desired. On Monday evening, the first night of the *Tartar Witch*. The first contretemps was the measuring her length on the floor by Miss Taylor, after the most approved Inverarity fashion. An inanimate being is raised to life by a spell, but first rises through a trap, whereon, for a time, he lies dormant; the spell is spoken, the gentleman rises—as much as he can, for he is literally trapped; he is firmly fixed by his inexpressibles to the earth. Peals of laughter welcomed his semi-resuscitation, which it will be conceived were not diminished when he nobly, to fulfill the spell, sacrificed his garments, and with the general cabotinages and simulations mingled the sound of their ruthless rending! A platform covered with people, which should have sunk through the earth near the conclusion of the piece, only kept curt-sying, as it were, to the audience, still at last, one side of it giving way, one of the gentry who stood upon an extreme end of it was so completely jolted off his balance that he fell upon his neighbour, and the again upon his next, so that the whole regiment were laid sprawling upon each other like a pack of cards, amid the almost deafening peals of the spectators.

King's Theatre, April 24.—I went to see

Mademoiselle Heberle's *début*; and one act of *Elisabetha* having preceded the pastoral diversification in which she appeared, the *coulisses* were thronged with youths of Arcady, Elisabethian maids of honour, sylphs, and beef-eaters!

*Drury Lane*, April 24.—I was in time to pay my respects to the *Magio Car*, and observed that one set of messieurs were the slaves of a fairy queen, the attendants of an earthly one, (rival, too, to the former,) and the pilgrims of a caravan! There was not the slightest variation of their costume in any of these strongly contrasted callings! Miss Faucit should have been suddenly changed by the transforming waters into a being the reverse of beautiful, so she ran off the stage and the being ran on with an ugly face and black potticoat, which flying open in its gesticulations, discovered that not only her appearance but her sex were changed!—or else that she had donned a modern pair of black trousers!

### VARIETIES.

*Stamp-duties.*—*Le Globe*, the St. Simonian paper, although distributed gratuitously, has been repeatedly fined for violations of the French stamp laws. On the last occasion it was required to pay the sum of 44,000 francs (above 1,800*l.*) in the course of four-and-twenty hours!

*Large Otter.*—The otter is becoming a rare animal in England; but one measuring 52½ inches in length, and 24 in circumference at the shoulders, was lately caught in the river Coquet, Northumberland. It had nine white spots upon its skin.

*Saint Simonians.*—The schisms in this new religion have at last got to such a pitch, that, with a heavy fine of taxes by the government, several of the Paris journals proclaim the breaking up of the school. Their public places are given up, and the leaders announce their *retraite*. A general meeting is, however, summoned for the 1st of June, when the *père suprême*, the *apôtres*, &c. are expected to reappear upon the scene.

M. Delmotte, librarian of the city of Mons, has found in the loft under the roof of the church of Saint Wandru, the collection of the charters, &c. belonging to the former chapter of that church, which was supposed to have been long since destroyed. The most ancient diplomas are of the reign of Baldwin V. There are many of Baldwin VI. surnamed Baldwin of Constantinople. There is also the original of the famous charter of the year 1200, which regulated the legislation of fiefs in Hainault, and a list of the hereditary officers of the court of Hainault, &c.

*Rome*, March 30.—Our celebrated architect, Luigi Rossini, is about to publish two new works:—1. The Triumphant Arches of the ancient Romans; 2. Five of the principal Views of St. Peter's, in the Vatican. It was a custom with the Romans to erect triumphal arches upon the occurrence of great events. Rome, and the whole Roman empire, were full of these monuments of valour. However, the triumphal arches were not all built in honour of victories, since some were erected in commemoration of distinguished benefits, and of citizens who had sacrificed their private interest to the public good. The origin of these monuments is extremely curious. The author having completed his work on Pompeii in seventy-five large plates, and his other, on the Roman Monuments from the 10th to the 18th century, has since been engaged on the two works above mentioned. The first will consist of the Tri-

umphal Arches, never hitherto entirely edited. Pietro Santi Bartoli published the figurative part of these in Rome, illustrated by Beliori. The author intends to give not only these of Rome, but all the others in the Papal dominions and in Italy; and at the same time to indicate the various epochs, as well of the architecture as of the ornamental parts, which was not correctly done in the Arch of Constantine, the bas-reliefs being all ascribed to the time of Trajan, though the decline of the age of Constantine may be observed in them. Each of the more magnificent arches is to form one No. of ten plates, and the less important ones of four or five plates. A perspective view of their present state is announced, and any other suitable view; also the restoration, the ground-plan, and the details,—all on a large scale, with the most minute measures stated. A sheet of text is to accompany each of the Nos. of which the work is to be composed—probably under twenty.

*Anecdote of Animal Sagacity.*—The day being very fine, I took a stroll into the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, with my friend, and going up to the cage that contains two ravens, my friend threw in two pieces of bun, when one of the dark-feathered inhabitants immediately jumped from his perch, and before his comrade could reach either of them, he had both secure in his beak, and regained his former position on the perch, holding them until he saw his comrade at the farther end of the cage. He then flew down, buried one of the pieces, and covered it with gravel, and jumping up to his perch with the other piece, devoured it. He then jumped down for the second morsel, and regaining his perch a second time, consumed that, much to the annoyance of his companion. This very artful and cunning device served to amuse a circle that had by that time collected round the cage, and proved, I should say, something more than we understand by common animal instinct.—(From a Correspondent.)

*Jerusalem Reformed.*—And by a Turk! In the month of February, Ibrahim Pasha, the governor of Djidda, addressed the following firman to the Mollah, the Sheikh, and the other magistrates of Jerusalem:—"Jerusalem contains temples and monuments which Christians and Jews come from the most distant countries to visit. But these numerous pilgrims have to complain of the enormous duties levied upon them on the road. Being desirous of putting an end to so crying an abuse, we order all the Mussulmans of the pashaliks of the Saïde, and of the districts of Jerusalem, Tripoli, &c., to suppress all duties or imposts of that nature, on all the roads, and at all the stations, without exception. We also order, that the priests who live in the buildings belonging to the churches in which the Gospel is read, and who officiate according to the ceremonies of their religion, be no longer compelled to pay the arbitrary contributions which have been hitherto imposed upon them."

*Russia—Odessa.*—The works now carrying on for the improvement of Odessa have afforded an additional evidence that, as had been presumed from the measures of distances given by Arrian, and the anonymous author of a voyage in the *Enxine*, a settlement formerly existed there, under the name of *Ιεργίου λιμήν*, or harbour of the city of Istros. Previous discoveries made in enlarging the harbour, when many beautiful antique vases of Greek workmanship were found, resembling in form those usually called Etruscan, have supported this theory, and M. Van der Vlies, a skilful engineer, who has the charge of the works in

that part of the harbour, has lately presented to the museum of antiquities at Odessa an amphora in excellent preservation, and a fragment of another vase of the same kind, of a coarse earth. These vases, it is well known, were used for domestic purposes, and the ancients kept wine and oil in them. The name of the manufacturer, which it was customary to engrave within the neck of the amphora, is too much effaced to be legible.

*Cross-readings.*—Cross-readings used, some years ago, to be a source of amusement in the journals, and still we occasionally find entertainment in what may be called *straight-readings*. For example, in the Oratorio bill of Friday week, where we discover, "O Lord, grant the king a long life," followed by "Great queen, be calm!" Then comes "Mr. Phillips, the last man," and "Miss Pearson, in infancy;" and Mr. Templeton with "the eyes of my love are as blue as the sky, composed expressly for him," which we consider to be lucky for him.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertiser, No. XVII. April 26, 1832.]

*Cavendish and his Critics*, or *Whig versus Tory*. A new fashionable Monthly Magazine is announced by Mr. Harral, under the title of *La Cour des Dames*; or, *Gazette of Fashion, Literature, and the Fine Arts*: with a series of Portraits, &c.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol. XXX. History of Spain and Portugal, 4 vols. Vol. II. 6s. cloth.—*Eyre on St. Paul's Epistles*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4s. bds.—*Instructions for Preparing Abstracts of Titles*, 12mo. 5s. bds.—*The Maid of Elvar*, by Allan Cunningham, 12mo. 6s. bds.—*Edgeworth's Tales and Novels*, in 10 vols. with Plates, Vol. I. foolscap, 5s. cloth.—*Arlington*, 3 vols. port. 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.—*The Contrast*, by the Earl of Mulgrave, 3 vols. port. 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bds.—*Bello's Hindoo Costume*, folio, 4*l.* 10s. h*l.* b*ds.*—*Death-Bed Scenes*, 2*l.* series, 8vo. 12s. bds.—*Flowers of Fable*, 12mo. 5s. bds.—*Tracts of Cyprian*, Bishop of Carthage, 8vo. 6s. bds.—*Burder's Self-Discipline*, 32mo. 2s. cloth; 3s. silk.—*Malloch's Immortality of the Soul*, with other Poems, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—*Rutherford's Maternal Sketches*, 12mo. 7s. cloth.—*Emigrant's Pocket-Companion*, 12mo. 6s. bds.—*Valpy's Classical Library*, No. XXIX. Plutarch, Vol. VII. 4s. 6d. cloth.—*Christian's Family Library*, Vol. I. Luther and the Reformation, 1*l.* 12mo. 6s. cloth.—*Pritchard's Microscopic Cabinet*, 8vo. 18s. bds.—*The Youth's Compendium*, 12mo. 6s. 6d. cloth; 7s. 6d. roan.—*Roscoe's Novels*, in 10 vols. Vol. XI. Tristram Shandy, Vol. I. 6s. cloth.—*Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy*, No. II. Demerara, 1*l.* 6d.—*Connor's Greek Grammar*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday, 19	From 41. to 54.	29.56 to 29.61
Friday, 20	35. " 54.	29.69 " 29.63
Saturday, 21	35. " 57.	30.01 " 30.11
Sunday, 22	31. " 56.	30.40 " 30.40
Monday, 23	36. " 63.	29.81 " 29.68
Tuesday, 24	35. " 53.	29.58 " 29.75
Wednesday, 25	37. " 49.	29.90 " 29.75

Prevailing winds, N.W. and S.W.  
 Except the 21st, 23d, and 25d, generally cloudy, with frequent rain.  
 Rain fallen, .175 of an inch.  
 Edmonston. CHARLES H. ADAMS.  
 Latitude, . . . . . 51° 37' 33" N.  
 Longitude, . . . . . 0° 35' 1" W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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We have received the engraved portrait intended for the *Revivalist*, a monthly twopenny periodical, designed to promote evangelical religion: it is pleasing and appropriate, with all its inscriptions relative to Sunday schools, &c.

*Friends.*—We do not like to interfere in matters of a personal nature, and have only (in allusion to the letter of Antiquaries) to express our regret that any difference of views or opinion in a literary way, may any national literary concern, should have led two gentlemen of such high respectability as Mr. P. and Mr. C. so far to forget what was due to each other as to fall into threats and violence.





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XI. to XV. Tacitus  
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XVII. and XVIII. Horace and Plautus  
XIX. Juvenal and Persius  
XX. to XXII. Theophrastus  
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